What ſhould I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To ſet him free? what ſaies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he ſhall love me. *Exit.*

This ſhort florish of Cornets and Showtes within.

Scæna 4. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

Theſ. You have done worthily; I have not ſeene
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher ſynewes;
What ere you are, you run the beſt, and wraſtle,
That theſe times can allow.
Arcite. I am proud to pleaſe you.
Theſ. What Countrie bred you?
Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.
Theſ. Are you a Gentleman?
Arcite. My father ſaid ſo;
And to thoſe gentle uſes gave me life.
Theſ. Are you his heire?
Arcite. His yongeſt Sir.
Theſ. Your Father
Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?
Arcite. A little of all noble Quallities:
I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praiſe
My feat in horſemanſhip; yet they that knew me
Would ſay it was my beſt peece: laſt, and greateſt,
I would be thought a Souldier.
Theſ. You are perfect.
Pirith. Vpon my ſoule, a proper man.
Emilia. He is ſo.
Per. How doe you like him Ladie?
Hip. I admire him,
I have not ſeene ſo yong a man, ſo noble
(If he ſay true,) of his ſort.
Emil. Beleeve,
His mother was a wondrous handſome woman,
His face me thinkes, goes that way.
Hyp. But his Body

And

And firie minde, illuſtrate a bra
Per. Marke how his vertue
Breakes through his baſer gar
Hyp. Hee's well got ſure.
Theſ. What made you ſeeke
Arc. Noble *Theſeus*.
To purchaſe name, and doe my
To ſuch a well-found wonder,
So onely in thy Court, of all th
dwells faire-eyd honor.
Per. All his words are wo
Theſ. Sir, we are much end
Nor ſhall you looſe your wiſh
Diſpoſe of this faire Gentlema
Perith. Thankes *Theſeus*.
What ere you are y'ar mine, an
To a moſt noble ſervice, to this
This bright yong Virgin; pra
You have honourd hir faire bi
And as your due y'ar hirs: kiſſ
Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver
Thus let me ſeale my vowd fai
(Your moſt unworthie Creatu
Command him die, he ſhall.
Emil. That were too cruell
If you deſerve well Sir; I ſhall
Y'ar mine, and ſomewhat bette
Per. Ile ſee you furniſh'd, an
You are a horſeman, I muſt ne
This after noone to ride, but tis
Arc. I like him better (Pri
Freeze in my Saddle.
Theſ. Sweet, you muſt be re
And you *Emilia*, and you (Frie
To morrow by the Sun, to doe
To flowry May, in *Dians* woo
Vpon your Miſtris: *Emely*, I h
He ſhall not goe a foote.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY